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a piece of wood to answer as a supporting leg, and in that leg hang a little plummet to show when the side ΔC is erect. Then by placing it near the object, and moving it either forward or backward, until the sight glanced along the side BC (which then forms an imaginary line as BCD) comes in contact with the top of the object. At the same time observe at what part of the base of the object the imaginary line continued along the side BA (as BAE) comes in contact, then the distance from B to E , or from where you stand to the base, is the exact height from that base to the top, as must appear obvious to any person possessing a slight knowledge of geometry.

N. B.—If it be a building, or any object of a conical or obelisk form, then the imaginary base line should be taken to the centre of one side. E. H.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROCKITE.

(Continued from page 12.)*

THE FACTION FIGHT.

The still-hunting party which had alarmed us so much at the pooten-house (which, by the bye, was utterly destroyed on the day after,) having called at my house for assistance in their progress, without finding me at home, suspicions as to my ways and haunts were whispered rather unfavourably among the neighbouring magistrates, and I was placed under a system of espionage, which only had the effect of compelling me to use greater secrecy and caution for the future. Thus the few meetings that took place under these circumstances, partook less and less of that drunken, reckless character which our former assemblies had exhibited; we met as desperadoes whose every act was watched, and the ferocity which at first only existed in the suspicions of our rulers, began gradually to find room in our breasts, from the consciousness of our being suspected. At the time of which I write, party spirit was just as high in Ireland as ever it was, and as ever it will be: and the little town in the neighbourhood of which I lived, was the focus of, perhaps, the fiercest and most ungovernable factions that existed then in our land of ire. A large fair was shortly to be held in it; and instinct, or a busy body, whichever you like, informed each party privately that they were to be attacked by the other, and murdered during the confusion and confidence of the occasion. This was not long reaching the local authorities, and every precaution which at the time was available was used to prevent bloodshed; but on the morning of the fair the quiet appearance of the peasantry, the circumstance so unusual of their coming without sticks, together with the immense quantity of women who accompanied them, (the very worst sign, if they knew but all,) lulled the magistracy into such security, that the measures at first taken were laid aside for the moment, and only not utterly abandoned from their negligence or indolence. In this state affairs stood until about noon, when they underwent a change as sudden to all parties, as it was fatal to me. About that time, a man of gigantic stature and make rushed yelling and bloody from one of the tents near which I was standing—his clothes, different in their colour, texture, and fashion, from those of the peasantry, as well as the general interest he excited among the towns-people, proclaimed him a mechanic of their body. It was not until some time after that I learned he was their champion, the redoubted Mosey M'Neil. He was a northern weaver, deeply imbued with northern notions, and with little, very little, of northern honesty, for he was known over the whole country as a sheep-stealer. However, his superior skill as a craftsman in a trade to which the lower order of Protestants in that district almost to a man belonged, as well as his immense strength, and high party spirit, gained for him the precedence in all matters of faction, or even of common life. No wonder, then, that the appearance of such a man, in such a state, was sufficient warning of an approaching combat, to all those versed in the signs and tokens of an Irish row. It seems he was drinking in a tent with a mixed party,

and having become a little heated with liquor, upbraided some one with being a rebel; to which it was at once answered, that "Anyhow, it was dacinter to be a rebel nor a sheep-stealer." This allusion to his well known avocation not pleasing Mosey, he struck the man a blow, and in return got what is technically called a licking. Burning with rage, he hurried home for his arms, followed by his whole party; for the story had already spread through the town like wildfire, with, of course, some few additions to whet the appetite of those inclined to peace. Nor were the leaders of the other party so remiss in the necessary preparations as had been expected, or as appearances seemed to tell. On the preceding evening, large bundles of sticks had been deposited by trusty messenger in the areas and other secret places about town, alike for security and concealment; which, during the first moments of the disturbance, while the authorities were paralysed by their danger, the leaders took the opportunity of bringing to light, and dividing the concealed treasures among the eager expectants; while the few, who from the insufficiency of the supply, were left unarmed, flew to the girls, who, dear creatures, never saw a good fight yet spoiled for want of a stick or a stone, and had, accordingly, each brought with them under their cloaks, a good serviceable wattle, only for fear that Barney, or Micky, or Paddy, or any body, might want one. All stood now armed and ready for battle, to the amount of two or three hundred; to resist them, or attempt dispersing them, were mere madness, so that magistrates, constables, soldiers, and all who were not closely interested in the fray, flew from the dangerous arena to whatever house was open to them. Nor had they many choices, for at the moment of Mosey's sudden appearance every inhabitant of the town, well aware from habit of what was coming on, closed up shops, windows, doors; in fine, almost every access to the lower part of their houses, never opening them save for the admission of some near relative or peculiar favourite, and that only during the comparative quiet that existed before the actual collision of the conflicting parties; it but too often happening, that the fight raged even to the very garret of that house which might have been incautiously left open for the overpowered fugitive to seek as a refuge. From an idea of superior security, I was the last disinterested person that quitted the street, and was just about seeking an asylum at the little inn where my horse was stabled, when my old comrades, observing me sneak from among them, rushed forward, and pulled me into the very middle of the crowd, and with one universal shout of exultation, elected me their leader. My brain swam when I contemplated my dangerous eminence. I expostulated, I prayed; but the shouts made it useless—they did not understand my signs, and they could not hear my voice. Twenty or thirty offered me their sticks, each praising his own, and claiming for it the honour of my choice. The handiest wattle in the whole party was chosen for me, and placed in my unresisting hand amid the almost deafening whoops of my partizans, and to the surprise of those who viewed the scene from the windows above us. Scarce was the election completed when a dark mass and loud shouts at the other end of the town announced the approach of our adversaries, bristling with bayonets, pitchforks, and old swords, while not a few added to their imposing appearance by an old gun, rescued for the occasion from the dust and cobwebs in which it had lain perhaps for the last century. But the figure that moved in front arrested and claimed my whole attention. It was Mosey again—the marks of his recent discomfiture still crimsoning his upper person, and rendered more awful by the host of bad passions indicated on his brow, as well as the immense show of bone and muscle that appeared beneath his tattered shirt, for that bloodstained habiliment and his trowsers were the only covering that he retained. He strode some feet in front of his party, brandishing a rusty sword, which from its length and rude magnitude, appeared as if the genius of antiquity herself had preserved it for his special use, as the best and only image of her own darling giants. The scene altogether was almost new to me; need I say, the situation was utterly so. All combined, deprived me of sense or thought; I merely recollect a wild rushing of the combatants—the yells now of victory, now of defeat,

* Circumstances, which it is needless here to detail, prevented our before giving the continuation of this story. In our next number, we shall accompany the outlaw to the mountains, where we must leave him for the present.

deprived me of the little consciousness I possessed, nor did I recover it, until the jostling of the crowd threw me immediately before the terrible swordsman, and almost within the sweep of his weapon, whose deep red rust was already darkened by a deeper stain. He seemed to recognise me as the leader of his hated opponents, for with a wild yell of delight he sprung forward, singling me out as his victim. He raised his broad-sword high for a blow that would need no second. The whole of his immense strength was applied to it, and the only protection I had was the light stick that until now had hung useless in my hand. I threw it up as a guard, more from instinct than the slightest confidence in its efficacy; and the sneer with which he watched the movement, told me I had nothing to expect from mercy. The blow was descending, and with a desperate spring I shunned it; but ere it was more than begun, a stone from the rear, flung by some one enabled to take aim at his head so high above all others, struck him on the forehead. The immense weapon came sweeping harmless down, and with its impetus swung round the listless form of the giant, and hurled him senseless at the feet of those whose main stay he was until that fatal moment. The result needs not many words to tell. Bearing the carcase in safety from our re-invigorated attacks, they fled, or rather retreated, to their own houses. The authority with which I had been so unpleasantly invested, I now exerted with success in restraining my exulting followers. The show of resistance I made to him before whom all others fled, gained me a reputation so great, that when I directed them to return peacefully to the country, the retrograde movement was universal. I was borne away in triumph: and some of the party having secured my horse from the inn-stables, and decorated him with ribbons and other finery from the deserted standings, made even him share in the honours of the occasion. Luckily for me and the ringleaders of the disturbance, that night was spent in secret conclave, and the consideration of what measures we should take to resist or evade the expected hostility of the magistrates. This circumstance, in all probability, saved half a score of us from the gallows, as, long ere morning, an armed party scoured the whole country in search of us, but only succeeded in catching a few, who too securely remained at home, and whom, on account of the terrible confusion, and the comparatively subordinate parts which they filled in the day's work, they failed to identify. The failure of this attempt taught us all a precaution, which we were no way slow to practice. The same retreat which we had used then, served us as a nightly abode until the results were known, while the numerous videttes we had stationed in all quarters left surprise by day-time a measure which would have been as unavailing as it was unattempted. In addition to this, a constant communication was kept up between us and some friends in town who formed a watch on the motions of the opposite party. From these we learned, that the informations of our discomfited foes had been taken, and also received a list of the names sworn to as the aggressors. Mine was at the head of the list, sworn to by Mosey McNeile as having inflicted his wound, and being the prime agitator of the whole disturbance! I must acknowledge I was but little anxious as to the result; from the consideration of the many disinterested witnesses who viewed my compulsory election, as well as the cause of Mosey's wounds being so generally known among my own party, not to mention the many frightful scars inflicted by the savage weapons they used against us, and which at least showed that we were but sharers in the list of misfortunes. In fact, we only waited Mosey's recovery to proceed in a body and demand a fair investigation, as until then matters were rather doubtful from the uncertainty of his life. The almost hourly accounts we received of his health were so fluctuating, as to leave it useless to depend on any one bulletin, if I may so call them. At length, towards the end of the week they became more steadily favourable. On the evening of the eighth day he actually plied his trade for some minutes, and sat until late with the crowds who came to congratulate him on his recovery. On the following day we determined to put our measures into execution. All was ready, and we were actually on our way, when the appalling news arrived of his sudden

dissolution. It was the critical ninth day—and his dying words denounced me as his murderer. Terrified as I was at this announcement, my case still seemed far from desperate. At first I relied upon the inhabitants of the town, who were nearly all witnesses of the circumstances that occurred; but I soon learned that nothing was to be expected from that quarter—they all coincided in the death words of their favourite champion; and my last resource was to turn to my companions, as if they were not already overjoyed each at his own escape, and willing to shift on my shoulders the weight of that common danger, which they first compelled me to share, and then left me altogether to sustain alone. It was but too evident that my life was to pay the forfeit of my rashness, and their villainy; and if a doubt remained on my mind, it was removed, when, at the approach of a large body of military which had been sent for my capture, they fled to their homes or their hiding-places, according as each preferred to shun or brave the uncertain danger; but not one spoke to me, encouraged me, or even pointed out a mode of safety; and in less than a minute I stood abandoned even by my own. I still, however, had time to secrete myself, but where, was the question, since I feared lest, in the paroxysm of their cowardice, they should even betray my concealment. I heard the shouts of the military as they scattered to secure the cabins—they were coming nearer and nearer—and alone and unseen I at length succeeded in taking refuge in a large tract of scrub that was adjacent, in which were many hiding-places, unknown except to those in its immediate vicinity. In one of these I remained secure, while the wood was surrounded and searched; and often as I have braved the same danger since, never did my feelings reach the same pitch of intensity to which they were carried in that interval. It was the depth of the night before I ventured out of my bower, if I may so call it; and having reconnoitred the whole country as well as the darkness permitted, I stealthily sought the cabin of a man who, if any, would be true to me. Hunger and thirst had deprived me of the little strength that exertion and anxiety had left me, and it was with difficulty I crawled to the door and craved admittance. When it was opened, I fainted across the threshold. On my revival I learned that I had not been wholly abandoned, for means had been found to communicate the circumstances to the captain, who, in return, directed that on the following night I should take the opportunity of joining him in the mountains, and appointed a place where I should meet the person under whose guidance I was to take this perilous and uncertain journey. Having partaken of food and sleep, and arranged to meet my guide, I set off at the dawn of day, with some cold potatoes in my pocket, to regain my hiding-place, it being a measure of too much danger to remain abroad while such a vigilant search was persevered in. Nor did I miscalculate the danger; for I was scarce couched in my lair, when the wood was again occupied, and searched with a determination almost vindictive, kept alive by the armed yeomanry, so many of whom swarmed about my concealment, and to whom the deceased was an old and dear comrade. Scarce a bush escaped from their vigorous search, and nothing would have saved me, but the circumstance of the scrub in which I was concealed being seated on a mass of loose limestone, in whose fissures it was possible for one young, active, and, moreover, reasonably fond of life, as I was, to insinuate himself. Foiled in their exertions, they next began to try the points of their weapons on every spot where a man could by any possibility fit, while others, less interested, skulked from the fruitless labour, and seated themselves wherever rest invited. The cozy little spot that I had selected could scarce escape having an inmate when this desire began to operate—nor did it. A fat serjeant of Highlanders came puffing to the place, and throwing himself on the treacherous branches that entwined so closely as to lead one to suppose them the actual soil, he tumbled through them, rustling and clattering, until he reached the bottom, where I had nestled myself among the rocks and grass, so that a man would want more senses than one to find me. Luckily for me, the sense of feeling, by far the most dangerous to me, was rendered so callous to the poor serjeant by the buffets he received in his fall, that when he alit sent-wise on my

breast, the transition was too pleasing to require much investigation; and merely contenting himself with the observation, "Mon, mon, but the grass is vara soft!" he commenced picking the thorns out of those parts which his peculiarities of dress left most undefended; and now and then commenting on the chase, of which he had a splendid view through the bushes, in such a manner that even the imminent danger in which I was could scarce enable me to restrain my laughter.

"There they gang," said he—"there they gang, the doited carls, with their guns, and their spits, and their bayonets, and their swords. May they be protected from each other, for there'll be bloodshed among them, if they can't find the croppy to cool themselves on. Eh, sirs, there's corporal Campbell with his kilt in ribands, and his puir hurdies all bloody with the briars. Och, och! but the mon is a fule. Whisht, they have him. No, it's a puir crethur of a yeoman that tumbled through the brake, an' they're pullin' him out. Eh, but he's killed, I'm thinkin'. My certie, if they catch the croppy they'll mak' mince meat ov him. Dear, how that chiel Sawney blows his trumpet, as if he wad never get out ov this place. Mon, mon! how will I get out mysel without breakin' my neck, an' they'll leave me here to the mercy of the cropies?"

The question, however, was quickly solved, for some of the yeomanry still prowling about, unwilling to abandon the pursuit, heard the rustle he made in the endeavour to rise, which was at once answered by a thrust of a bayonet in pike fashion, which wounding a part rather sensitive for such usage, helped the poor Highlander to clear all obstacles with a bound, screaming, "The croppy! the croppy!" at the pitch of his lungs, and at the same instant ten or a dozen yeomen plunged right through after him, to the imminent danger of their lower habiliments.

"Saul o' me," shouted the enraged Highlander, when he perceived his assailants, and foremost among them the weapon which achieved his dishonour, reeking with his blood—"Saul o' me! ye awkward loons, whilk o' ye did that?"

Roars of laughter succeeded his question, and not without cause—there stood the poor man, swelling with rage, and pressing his hand on the wound, from which a slight stream trickled down his thighs, already bracket with the consequences of his former mishap, and stamping and mouthing in a manner certainly not the most awe inspiring. The clamour excited by the incident drew together the retiring parties; and much to my satisfaction, cold iron and hot blood began to be displayed on both sides. At length the commanders and magistrates made their appearance, and after much exertions, and many attempts to appease the wounded serjeant, the tumult was at length got under. After a day spent in fruitless search, during which every cabin and hedge for miles around were examined, the party was at length drawn off, and a fine frosty moon, which soon after rose, aided me to trace them on their departure, until they were utterly beyond fear of returning; then cautiously gathering my cramped limbs from their several hiding-places, I emerged from the concealment, just in time to see the first blaze rise from my pleasant home, on which they now spent their baffled fury. Many regrets occupied me for a few bitter moments; but at length they subsided, at the reflection of how little it mattered to me now, for I had chosen the life of an outlaw.

M'C.

JONATHAN SIMPSON, THE HIGHWAYMAN.

He was possessed of about £5,000, but his expenses were so extravagant, that this large sum was soon exhausted. He then went to the highway, committed a robbery, was apprehended, and would certainly have been hung had not some of his rich relations procured a reprieve. The difficulty of obtaining it may be guessed from the fact, that it arrived at Tyburn just when the rope was about his neck. Such was his obduracy, that when returning to Newgate behind one of the sheriff's men, the latter asked him what he thought of a reprieve when he had come to the gallows. He replied—"No more than I thought of my dying day." When he came to the prison door, the turnkey refused to receive him, saying that he was sent to be executed, and that he was discharged of

him, and would not permit him to enter without a new warrant. Upon which Simpson exclaimed, "What an unhappy cast-off dog am I, that both Tyburn and Newgate should in one day refuse to entertain me! Well, I'll mend my ways for the future, and try whether I can't merit a reception at them both, next time I am brought thither." He immediately recommenced his operations, and one day robbed a gentleman of a purse full of counters, which he supposed were gold. He kept them in his pockets, always anxiously looking out for his benefactor. About four months after he met him on Bagshot Heath, riding in his coach. "Sir," said he, "I believe you made a mistake the last time I had the happiness of seeing you, in giving those pieces. I have been troubled ever since, lest you should have wanted them at cards, and am glad of this opportunity to return them; only, for my care, I require you to come at this moment out of your coach, and give me your breeches, that I may search them at leisure, and not trust any more to your generosity, lest you should mistake again." A pistol enforced his demand, and Simpson found a gold watch, a gold snuff box, and ninety-eight guineas, with five jacobuses. At another time he robbed Lord Delamore of three hundred and fifty guineas. He was almost unequalled in his depredations; in one day he robbed nineteen people, and took above two hundred pounds; and in the space of six weeks, committed forty robberies in the County of Middlesex. He even ventured to attack the Duke of Berwick, and took from him articles to a very great value. But wickedness has a boundary over which it cannot pass. Simpson attacked two captains of the Guards; a desperate struggle ensued, his horse was shot under him, and he was wounded in both arms and one of his legs before he was taken. He was sent to Newgate, and now found that he was not refused entrance; and he soon also discovered that Tyburn was equally ready to receive him. He was executed on the 8th of September, 1686.—*Whitehead's Lives of Highwaymen, &c.*

OH, CAN YOU LEAVE YOUR NATIVE LAND?

Oh, can you leave your native land,
An exile's bride to be—
Your mother's home and cheerful hearth,
To tempt the main with me—
Across the wide Atlantic
To trace our foaming track,
And know the wave that heaves us on,
Will never bear us back?

And can you in Canadian woods
With me the harvest bind,
Nor feel one ling'ring sad regret
For all you leave behind?
Can lily hands, unused to toil,
The woodman's wants supply—
Nor shrink beneath the chilly blast,
When wintry storms are nigh?

Amid the shade of forests dark,
Thy loved isle will appear
An Eden, whose delicious bloom
Will make the wild more drear.
And you in solitude may weep
O'er scenes beloved in vain,
And pine away your soul to view,
Once more your native plain.

Then pause, dear girl, ere those sweet lips
Your wanderer's fate decide:
My spirit spurns the selfish wish—
Thou shalt not be my bride!
But, oh! that smile—those tearful eyes
My firmer purpose move;
Our hearts are one—and we will dare
All perils, thus to love!

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